

All day long she held my question  
In her heart;  
Shunned my eyes that craved an answer,  
Moved apart,  
Touched my hand in good-night greeting,  
Rosier grew—  
Should I leave to-morrow?—early?  
Then adieu!  
Bent her head in farewell courtesies,  
Onward passed,  
While a cold hand gripped my heartstrings,  
Held them fast,  
Still I waited, still I listened;  
All my soul  
Trembled in the eyes that watched her  
As she stole  
Up the stairs with measured footsteps,  
But she turned  
Where a lamp in brazen bracket  
Brightly burned,  
Showed me all the glinting ripples  
Of her hair,  
Veiled her eyes in violet shadows—  
Glimmered where  
Curved her mouth in soft compliance  
As she bent  
Toward me from the dusky railing  
Where she leant.  
Ah, my love! \* \* \* One white hand wanders  
To her hair,  
Slowly lifts the rose that nestles  
Softly there;  
Breathes she to its heart my answer  
Shyly sweet.  
And love's message mutely uttered  
To my feet.  
—Belgravia.

PETER PUFFINGTON'S DREAM,  
AND HOW HE AWOKE FROM IT.

Once upon a time—as the old story books say—and why not the new story books too, for it is convenient not to be obliged to fix a date—once upon a time there lived in the town of Barstone a widow with one son. From his cradle upwards and onwards the boy was encouraged to believe he was superior to the rest of his little world.

"So clever, so handsome, so clear-headed, look at him now!" his mother exclaimed, as Peter strutted up and down the pavement, before the row of small red brick houses, amongst which she owned No. 9.

"Look at him now, every inch a soldier, and as upright as a dart!"

And Peter heard, and glorified himself still more, as he settled his dead father's shako on his yellow curls, and dragged the sword at his side along the pavement with a martial sound.

"There I do wonder," said a neighbor, "that Mrs. Puffington should let that boy parade about the poor Sergeant's things; but she would give him the moon if she could."

"I have no common patience with her," said a stiff old maid, Miss Pring, who lived in No. 6 Albion Terrace; "she will make that child ridiculous."

Miss Pring was not far wrong; and year by year Peter grew and strengthened in an overweening opinion of himself.

At last the time came when Peter must go to school. His mother took him to the Grammar School of Barstone, and begged to see the Head-master. She was quite unprepared for the short, abrupt, scholastic manner, and found herself checked in her long story of what Peter could do, and how sharp he was at his sums, by—

"That will do, ma'am, we will put your son through the usual examination and place him accordingly."

Mrs. Puffington went home rather crestfallen, but her spirits revived when Peter returned to dinner at one o'clock, with his nose in the air, exclaiming, in answer to his mother's question, "I was put into the second form, and the four other new boys were put at the bottom of the first."

"There! I thought it would be so," exclaimed the mother. "I knew you would beat the others hollow."

And so Peter's dream that he was something above his fellow-mortals was nourished, and he lived in it in spite of the rough handling of his schoolmates, who did their best to knock his conceit out of him, and if he had been a boarder and not a day boy, they might have succeeded a little better; but the home atmosphere fanned the flame of self-exaltation which the school atmosphere tried to extinguish.

Peter's school life was prosperous. He was capital at mathematics. That is, he went as far as the school routine went, with credit. He rose step by step in the school, and stood at last at the head of the sixth form, carrying away the prize which many better and less arrogant boys deserved.

Who so proud as Peter, when he strutted back to his place with the great volume bound in blue calf skin and emblazoned with the school arms. But the cheers of the boys were not very hearty; they were a hundred times more vigorous and real for the fair-haired, gentle boy who came up to take the second prize for classics, and who was the general favorite of the school.

And now came the second phase in Peter's life. He went to find a situation at the office of a sharp, acute estate and land agent, to whom a friend had given him an introduction, and who wanted a clever and likely young man. He put

# The Deaf-Blind's Journal.

"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."—CICERO.

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on his best suit, which was a very best suit indeed, set his shining baever hat on the top of his thick yellow curls, and presented himself to Mr. Curtis. Mr. Curtis looked over his spectacles, and nodded, saying—

"Wait a minute till I have finished this letter."

Peter thought this rather cool treatment, but he smothered his indignation, and sat down on a hard horse-hair chair, and brushed his hat with his gloves.

"Now, young man," said Mr. Curtis. "Your name is,"—referring to a note—"Oh! I see, the son of Color-sergeant William Puffington, a most brave and distinguished soldier, who fell in the siege of Delhi."

Peter interrupted—

"I have just left the Grammar School, sir. I was head of the sixth form; took the first prize for mathematics. I—"

"Yes, yes, young sir; but your father's name is enough to recommend you. See that you are worthy of it. I remember him well, and Barstone may be proud to have sent out such a brave, good man, to punish those rascals in India; though, alas! he lost his life. You can come here to-morrow at nine—sharp, mind, and then my head clerk will see how you write."

Poor Peter! This was indeed a different reception to what he had expected, and he felt almost humble as he retraced his steps homewards. He hid his mortification, however, and in reply to his mother's question said:

"I should think I was engaged, and he was glad enough to have me. I shall soon show them something fresh in the measuring and surveying departments."

"Yes! no wonder he was glad to have you," said his mother; "and I hope you'll soon get a pretty salary. You will worth it."

"Old Curtis said nothing about salary at present; but I'll soon teach him I can't give my services for nothing."

As in school, so in the office, Peter prospered.

"He is a sharp fellow," Mr. Curtis said; "but he has a tremendous good opinion of himself, and is too fond of teaching his betters what they knew before he was born. Still, Peter Puff! has brains, and he is useful."

And now came the great event of Peter's life. He fell in love; to his honor be it said, honestly in love, and with one of the most beautiful girls in Barstone—a good, gentle girl, too, whose father and mother died within a week of each other, of a terrible fever, and left her poor and homeless. Peter, secure in his own attractions, boldly proposed that she should come and live in 9 Albion Terrace as his wife, and sad and lonely Grace Watson said "Yes," and they were married.

A sweeter or more yielding creature was never seen; and I am inclined to think if Peter had caught a tartar it would have been better for him, for now, wife and mother were alike at his feet, and his dream of greatness was more firmly established than ever. Strange, therefore, that another shock to his pride should come through his sweet, lovely wife, who never said a cross word to him and whose greatest ambition was to show her gratitude to her husband for giving her a home when she was homeless, and love when she was left desolate.

It happened that there were fireworks, a concert at the Shire Hall, and other rejoicings in Barstone on the opening of the new railway, and Peter went out with the rest of his townfolk to see what was to be seen. His wife was not well, and his mother afraid of night air, especially on a wet raw evening, when the streets were a mass of mud, and a drizzling rain was likely to dim the glory of the rockets and spoil the wheels and Roman candles. Peter dressed himself in his best—again his very best—and covered his hands with yellow dog-skin gloves, which were rather tight at the wrists and took Grace at least five minutes to button, for she was so afraid of pinching up a little bit of skin. But at last her dainty white fingers accomplished this important affair, and she lifted her sweet face for a kiss.

"How nice you look, dear," she said. "I hope you won't get cold."

"I hope your mother echoed, 'I hope you won't get cold.' And so Peter departed.

The fireworks were to be displayed at some public gardens, called by courtesy a park by the Barstone folk. Peter was

always anxious to be in the front row everywhere, and pushed and elbowed his way towards the best place for seeing the fireworks. He came at last in contact with an old gentleman who resisted his efforts to get before him.

"Gently, gently, you young fellow; and let me advise you to make room for your betters."

"I will thank you, sir, not to speak to me like that," said Peter. "Perhaps you don't know who I am."

Then another voice was heard—a rough, unmusical voice—and a man gave poor Peter such a push with his strong arm that he fell headlong in the mud and mire.

Regaining his footing with difficulty, his dog-skin gloves discolored and muddy, his shiny hat battered and bent, "How dare you!" he exclaimed; "knew dare you! Do you know who I am?"

"I rather think I do. Your wife is one of the prettiest women in Barstone, and for her sake I'll say no more to you; though I should like to knock you down again—pushing and pushing as if you were better than your neighbors, Peter Puff."

Poor Peter had enough of the fireworks by the time the third dejected rocket had shaken out its shower of many-colored stars in the murky air; and instead of going to the Shire Hall he wended his way homeward. He, Peter Puffington, valued not for his own sake, but for that of his wife, the prettiest woman in Barstone! Well, so she was, and she was his, only he would have her valued for his sake. But what could he expect of dull, common people like that rough idiot, who deserved to be thrashed for his impertinence?

Time went on, and our hero still dreamed his dream that he was a person of immense importance. And who should show him that "before honor is humility?"

It was Christmas Eve, and the sounds of rejoicing were on every side. The dear familiar chimes rang out of the church towers, and the blessed song of peace and goodwill was echoed from the lonely hills of Bethlehem adown the stream of time—that ever fresh, never dying, angelic song! Human pride, human glory, what are they when compared with the glory of Him who lay a helpless babe in that lowly bed, and had for His throne a place higher than the highest, where saints bow low before his feet?

Peter Puffington had been detained late at his office, and was now hastening homeward with rapid steps. Peter's cares and responsibilities had increased; for Grace, after a three years' marriage, had presented him with twin boys, to make up for lost time. Lovely, rosy babies they were of ten months' old; for they were born when the spring was stirring in all created things, and the snowdrops and crocuses were showing their fair blossoms above the rich brown earth, from which the snow had lately melted.

The streets were thronged with people, and many cabs and carriages were passing and repassing as Peter Puffington went homewards. At a dangerous crossing he passed, and as he did so there was a sharp, short cry, and Peter caught up a little girl in his arms who had been knocked down by the shafts of a cab. She was well dressed, and an elderly woman was with her. The child was not hurt, but very much frightened, and Peter offered to carry her home. The nurse who was with her thanked him, and asked him to follow her to St. Peter's Vicarage.

"Miss Effie and I were out late, as she was so anxious to take the decorations to her papa's church. I knew it was too late for her, and the streets dangerous."

"But I am not hurt," the small voice said from Peter's shoulder, "only I shake so, that's all."

Peter carried little Effie home, and set her down in the bright warm hall of the Vicarage.

"Whom have I to thank?" her mother said, "and how can I show him how grateful I am?" as the child rushed into the arms of a sweet, gentle lady who came up and heard nurse's story.

"I—I—am Mr. Peter Puffington; I am most happy—"

"Puffington!" Mrs. Seymour exclaimed. "Do you live at the Albion Terrace? Then you must be the father of those beautiful twins I met yesterday and inquired their names."

"Yes," Peter said, "they are my children; and I wish you good evening."

"Stay, won't you, till my husband returns! Pray let him thank you," the lady said. But Peter was gone.

As son, as husband, as father he was known and appreciated, but never as Peter Puffington. It was always the same. As he drew near his home his step was slower and less assured than usual. A bright light shone from the window of his house across the quiet street where he lived; the curtains were not drawn in the parlor, and he looked in. His wife sat by the blazing fire, one of her boys asleep on her knee, the other lying on the rug at her feet; a beautiful picture of innocence and watching love.

I cannot tell how, or why; but Peter's heart melted within him as he stood there and heard his wife's gentle voice singing a simple Christmas hymn—

"With the poor, and mean, and lowly,  
Lived on earth our Savior holy—"

He entered the house softly with his latch-key, and went into the little sitting-room, wreathed about with ivy and holly, with its scarlet berries. His wife looked up and smiled, and Peter knelt down by her side and kissed the sleeping child tenderly.

"Why, Peter, dearest, what is it?" his wife asked.

"Nothing, Grace, except that I have been taught a good lesson to-night. I find I am known not for my own sake anywhere, but for yours and the children's; and so I mean to be proud of nothing else. I have been a stupid, conceited fellow; and now, on Christmas Eve, I pray that a little child may lead me, and make me humble instead of proud—a better son, husband, and father than I have been before."

And this was the happiest Christmas that Peter Puffington ever spent. A child's gentle hand at last woke him from his dream of self-sufficiency and pride of heart, and thus he learned that "before honor is humility."

Nothing Lost by Christian Charity.

One of those toll-hardened, true-hearted chaps often read of in romance made his appearance on the Campus Martius yesterday, and his sympathies were at once aroused by the sight of three or four old men standing around with their back-saws and waiting for work.

"I'll be hanged if it isn't tough," he replied when they told him that they hadn't had any work for a month. "How would you like some oysters?"

They snatched their lips by way of reply, and he gathered up a crowd of eight, marched them to a restaurant and ordered oyster stews for each one.

"I just does my soul good to see them eat!" he said to the owner of the place as the eight got to work.

"Yes; it's a beautiful sight," was the reply.

"It makes me feel good in here," continued the stranger, laying his hand on his heart.

"A good deed brings its own reward," was the soft answer of the restaurateur, as he calculated his profits.

"I can't rest here. I must do further good," said the big-hearted stranger, and he rushed out and brought in three negroes, a chimney-sweep, two boys and an old woman, and ordered more oysters.

The fifteen people went for oyster soup in a manner to amaze and their guardian nudged the restaurateur in the ribs and said:

"See the gentle lambs! Oh, that I could feed the poor of all America!"

"You are a good man, and heaven will reward you," replied the proprietor, as he filled the dishes up again.

The stranger said he wanted to bring in just five more, so as to say that he had fed an even score, and he rushed out after them, while the restaurateur, sent after more oysters and crackers. The stranger didn't return. He was last seen climbing into a farmer's sleigh on State street and guiding his team to the west. The fifteen in the restaurant licked their plates clean and departed in joyful procession, and the last one had passed out before the man who furnished the soup had got through waiting for the return of the big-hearted stranger. There were oaths and slang phrases and watchwords and expressions, delivered in the purest of English, but what mattered it to the fifteen soup-devourers who drew up in line opposite and—

"Resolved, That them oysters just touched the spot,"—Detroit Free Press.

The Pint of Ale.

A Manchester calico printer was, on his wedding-day, asked by his wife to allow her two half-pints of ale a day as her share of extra comforts. He made the bargain, but not cheerfully, for though a drinker himself (fancying, no doubt, that he could not well do without) he would have preferred a perfectly sober wife. They both worked hard. John loved his wife, but he could not break away from his old associations at the ale-house, and when not in the factory or at his meals, he was with his boon companions. His wife made the small allowance meet her housekeeping expenses—keeping her coat neat and tidy, and he could not complain that she insisted upon her daily pint of ale, while he, very likely drank two or three quarts. Once in a while the wife succeeded, by gentle, loving artifice, in drawing her husband home an hour or two earlier than usual, and very rarely she persuaded him to spend a whole evening in her company. They had been married a year, and the morning of their wedding anniversary John looked with real pride upon the neat and comely person of his wife, and, with a touch of remorse in his look and tone, he said:

"Mary, we've had no holiday since we were wed, an' only that I haven't a penny i' th' world, we'd take a jaunt to th' village and see the mither."

"Would you like to go Joan?" she asked.

There was a tear in her smile, for it touched her heart to hear him speak tenderly as in the old times.

"If thee'd like to go, John, I'll stand treat."

Thou stand treat, Mary! Hast got a fortin' left thee?"

"Nay, but I'm gotten the pint o' ale," she added.

"Gotten what, wife?"

"The pint o' ale," she repeated.

And thereupon she went to the hearth, and from beneath one of the stone flags drew forth a stocking from which she poured upon the table the sum of 365 three pences—4l. 11s. 3d.—exclaiming:

"See, John, thee can have the holiday."

"What is this?" he asked in amazement.

"It is my daily pint o' ale, John."

He was conscience-stricken as well as amazed.

"Mary, hasn't thee had any share? Then I'll ha' no more fro' this day."

And he was as good as his word. They had their holiday with their old mother, and Mary's little capital, saved from the "pints o' ale," was the seed from which, as the years rolled on, grew shop, factory, warehouse, country seat, and carriage, with health, happiness, peace, honor and renown.

Stammering.

A gentleman who stammered from childhood almost up to manhood gives a very simple remedy for the misfortune. "Go into a room where you will be quiet and alone, get some book that will interest but not excite you, and sit down and read two hours aloud to yourself, keeping your teeth together. Do the same thing every two or three days, or once a week if very tiresome, always taking care to read slowly and distinctly, moving the lips but not the teeth. Then, when conversing with others, try to speak as slowly and distinctly as possible, and make up your mind that you will not stammer. Well, I tried this remedy, not having much faith in it, I must confess, but willing to do almost anything to cure myself of such an annoying difficulty. I read for two hours aloud with my teeth together. The first result was to make my tongue and jaws ache, that is while I was reading, and the next to make me feel as if something had loosened my talking apparatus, for I could speak with less difficulty immediately. The change was so great that every one who knew me remarked it. I repeated the remedy every five or six days for a month, and then at longer intervals until cured."

Disraeli is still reported verbatim for the London Times by the same stenographer who took down his maiden speech forty years ago.

Ducks' wings are the latest trimming for ladies' hats. Red-headed ducks' preferred.

How the Indians Climb Trees.

In South America even the weakest woman may not be uncommonly seen picking the fruit at the tree tops. If the bark is so smooth and slippery that they cannot go up by climbing, they use other means. They make a hoop of wild vines, and putting their feet inside they use it as a support in climbing. The negro of the west coast of Africa makes a larger hoop around the tree and gets inside, and jerks it up the tree with his hands, a little at a time, drawing his legs up after it. The Tahitian boys tie their feet together, four or five inches apart, with a piece of palm bark, and with the aid of this fetter go up the cocoa palms to gather nuts. The native women of Australia climb the gum trees after opossums; where the bark is rough they chop holes with a hatchet, then one throws about the tree a rope twice as long as will go round it, puts her hatchet on her crooked head, and placing her feet against the tree and grasping the rope with her hands, she hitches it up by jerks, and pulls herself up the enormous trunk almost as fast as a man will climb a ladder.

Fashion Notes.

Link sleeve buttons are revived. Very long polonaises grow in favor. Gaiters and leggings are much worn. Enameled jewelry is very fashionable. Cloisonnee enamel is the latest novelty. Hair oil and pomades are out of fashion. Street suits cling more closely than ever. Fur lined cloaks are worn only in carriages. Blondes continue to frizz their light tresses. Amber is the favorite color for fansticks. There is only a limited demand for baby jewelry. No bustles are worn in the street at the moment. French heels are not worn in the street this winter. Turquoise jewelry still continues to be much in demand. Bunnetts wear their hair plain or in large smooth waves. The most fashionable evening toilets are worn without bustles. Faceted gold jewelry is brilliant, neat and very fashionable. Fur trimmings are very fashionable for the midwinter months. Montague curls on the forehead is the style of the passing moment. Craps is the fashionable transparent stuff for ball dresses in Paris. Silly mothers and insane fathers torture their babies with earrings. Bronze green is the fashionable dark color for street suits in Paris. Narrow gold bracelets are more in favor than the heavy broad ones. The novelty in fans is amber sticks, mounted with white ostrich tips. Transparent stuffs are worn exclusively by young ladies in Europe.

POLLY'S REVENGE.—Mrs. B.'s parrot was fond of crackers and milk; so was Tom, her cat, who would watch his chance to rob poor Polly's tin cup, running his long fore-paw through the bars of the cage, and taking it out piece by piece until the dish was empty. One unlucky day Tom sat by the side of the cage and Polly, as usual, was scratching his head and whispering in an unknown language, when, as suddenly as a flash of lightning, he grabbed the cat's tail in his bill and bit off nearly an inch, as neatly as if it had been done with a knife. Then such roars of triumph, laughter, and fun; he did not stop screaming for an hour. Tom stole no more.

The Norristown (Pa.) Herald explains it as follows: "Macaulay said that as civilization grew poetry declined. And now hundreds of young and ambitious poets will understand why their contributions find their way into the editorial waste basket instead of into the columns of a newspaper. Civilization is growing."

This life is like an inn, in which the soul spends a few moments on its journey.

Facts and Fancies.

The modern love song—Cupid-ditty. More helpful than all wisdom is one draught of human pity that will not forsake us.

To many the path of life is nearly all tunnels. This is what makes it such a bore.

Young women should set good examples, for the young men are always following them.

According to that great fashionable authority, the Queen, "ladies waists now extend below the spine."

A very polite lady, who did not wish to ask for a cradle, asked the storekeeper if he had any matrimonial baskets.

We every day sacrifice principles which we esteem through fear of being blamed by people whom we despise.

Zelous men are ever displaying to you the strength of their belief, while judicious men are showing you the grounds of it.

A person who had been listening to a very dull address, remarked that everything went off well—especially the audience.

The only way some people can keep their names un tarnished is to make Bridget spend half her time scouring the door-plate.

Ladies, the best way to beautify the hand is to put a quarter in it and then shake hands with some suffering fellow-creature.

It's hard work to keep your sons in check while they're young; it's harder still to keep them in checks when they grow older.

A passionate and revengeful temper renders a man unfit for advice, deprives him of his reason, and robs him of all that is great and good in nature.

The height of politeness is passing round upon the opposite of a lady, when walking with her, in order not to step upon her shadow.

To Indianapolis belongs the honor of having invented a fine-tooth comb which can also be used as a stove-handle and a tack-hammer.

Turner's Falls Reporter: "Judge a man not by what he has on him." That's so; a man in broadcloth may be filled with cheap gin.

Easton Free Press: The best way to discourage a boill is to seek a right slippery place on the icy pavement, and then, when the boill ain't looking, come down on it—flop.

Philadelphia Bulletin: It is rather unkind to present a maiden lady with a copy of "Paradise Lost." The title is too suggestive now that leap year has glided away.

Danbury News: Great Britain paid over \$700,000,000 for intoxicating drinks in 1875. It cannot be told how much America paid in the same time, so much of it was charged.

Detroit Free Press: Suspicious-looking drop-letters should not be dropped from the post-office during the next two weeks. This is the season when the books are balanced.

Rowland Hill was once requested to preach a sermon to theelect. He promptly replied: "Have the goodness to mark the elect with a piece of chalk so that I may know them." The request was not insisted on.

Brooklyn Argus: The Brooklyn Young Men's Athletic Club is discussing the question: "What can one poor, weak woman, with a club, do against a tyrannical husband who crawls under the bed and refuses to come out?"

It is worthy of note that the men and women who think most highly of themselves and most meanly of others are those who render back to society for the good things they enjoy the smallest return of personal effort.

The shortest and surest way to live with honor in the world is to be in reality what you would appear to be; and if we observe we shall find that all human virtues increase and strengthen by the practice and experience of them.

Deal out kindness and favors with an unsparing hand. The cause you understand not search out. If you cannot find happiness by direct search try another plan. Make others happy, and see if that does not make you truly blessed.

A new prison chaplain was recently appointed in a certain town. He was a man who greatly magnified his office, and, entering one of the cells, on his first round of inspection, he, with much pomposity, thus addressed the prisoner, who occupied it: "Well, sir, do you know who I am?" "No; nor I dinna care!" was the nonchalant reply. "Well, I'm your new chaplain." "Oh! ye are! Weel, I ha'e heard o' ye before." "And what did you hear?" returned the chaplain. "Weel, I ha'e heard that the last two kirks ye were in ye preached them baits empty; but I'll be hauged if ye find it such an easy matter to do the same wi' this one."



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## Deaf-Mute Service at Potsdam, N. Y.

There will be services for the special  
benefit of the deaf-mutes of Northern  
New York, in Trinity Church, Potsdam,  
on Feb. 6th and 7th. Evening service,  
including marriage of deaf-mutes, Tues-  
day, Feb. 6th, at 7 P. M. Holy Com-  
munion, Wednesday, Feb. 7th, at 9 A. M.  
Archdeacon Pennell will be in attendance,  
and act as interpreter on the occasion.

## The Sermon of Bishop Stevens.

We publish this week the sermon of  
Bishop Stevens which was delivered on  
the occasion of Rev. Henry W. Syle's  
ordination, in consequence of which we  
are obliged to omit the publication of  
usual correspondence. Several friends  
deeply interested in the spiritual welfare  
of the deaf and dumb, have for some  
time past urged upon us the propriety of  
publishing the sermon, and upon careful  
consideration we have concluded that our  
columns for one edition cannot be more  
profitably employed. It is hoped that  
our readers will carefully and thought-  
fully read the sermon, and we doubt not  
they will be paid for so doing. Our  
correspondents will please be patient  
and after this week we shall publish as  
heretofore an assorted variety of read-  
ing matter.

## Rev. A. W. Mann's Ordination.

The examination of Mr. Austin W.  
Mann for Deacon's orders was held at the  
rooms of the Rt. Rev. Bishop Bedell in  
Cleveland, Ohio, on Wednesday, Jan.  
24, 1877. It was conducted by the  
examining chaplains of the Diocese of  
Ohio, the Rev. Dr. Moore, of Ashtabula,  
the Rev. Mr. Burton, of Cleveland, and  
the Rev. Mr. Wells, of Painesville. The  
Bishop and the Rev. Mr. Brown, of  
Cleveland were also present. The Rev.  
Dr. Gallaudet acted as interpreter. Five  
or six hours were passed in close ques-  
tioning on the Holy Scriptures and the  
Book of Common Prayer. The com-  
mittee were satisfied and recommended  
the Candidate to the Bishop for ordina-  
tion on the following day. On Thurs-  
day, the 25th, the Festival of the Con-  
version of St. Paul, Morning Prayer  
was said in Grace Church at 9 o'clock.  
The Rev. Mr. Carter, brother-in-law of  
the lamented recent rector, Rev. Dr.  
Washburn, officiated. Rev. Dr. Gallau-  
det interpreting for quite a large com-  
pany of deaf-mutes. At 10:30 the ordina-  
tion service was held, Rt. Rev. Bishop  
Bedell and a large number of clergymen  
being present. The sermon was preached  
by Rev. Mr. Brown, Rector of Trinity  
Church, Cleveland, showing how the  
prophecy in relation to the deaf and  
dumb in Isaiah, 35th chapter, was strik-  
ingly fulfilled in this service at which a  
deaf-mute man was to be ordained a de-  
acon in the Church of God.

After the ordination of Mr. Mann,  
four deaf-mutes, Mr. and Mrs. Gilmore  
and Mr. and Mrs. Hutton, were con-  
firmed. Thirteen deaf-mutes received  
the Holy Communion with a goodly  
number of other persons. It was a  
touching and encouraging service and  
seemed to thoroughly interest the whole  
congregation. After the service the  
Bishop and clergy and other friends  
wished the Rev. A. W. Mann a cordial  
God-speed in the great work to which  
he has devoted his life.

The readers of the JOURNAL will surely  
join in those wishes, and feel thankful  
that the great Head of the Church has  
given the deaf-mutes of this country two

such earnest workers as the Rev. H. W.  
Syle and the Rev. A. W. Mann.  
Leaving the church, Rev. Dr. Gallau-  
det and Rev. Mr. Mann dined with  
Bishop and Mrs. Bedell, and in the  
evening met the deaf-mutes of Cleveland  
at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Cleve-  
land.

## A Table,

For those who use the Book of Common  
Prayer.

Sunday, Feb. 4th.  
The Psalter for the 4th day of the  
month.

Morning Prayer.  
1st Lesson—Jeremiah xxxv.  
2d Lesson—Luke vii, verse 19th.

Evening Prayer.  
1st Lesson—Jeremiah xxxvi.  
2d Lesson—Ephesians ii.  
Collect, Epistle and Gospel for Sex-  
agesima Sunday.

Sunday, Feb. 11th.  
The Psalter for the 11th day of the  
month.

Morning Prayer.  
1st Lesson—Lamentations i.  
2d Lesson—Mark vi, to verse 30th.

Evening Prayer.  
1st Lesson—Lamentations iii, to v. 37.  
2d Lesson—Ephesians iii.  
Collect, Epistle and Gospel for Quin-  
quagesima Sunday.

## A SERMON,

Preached in St. Stephen's Church, Phila-  
delphia, Sunday, October 8, 1876, on  
Occasion of the Ordination of Henry  
Winter Syle, A. M., (a Deaf-mute), as  
Deacon in the Protestant Episcopal  
Church, by the Rt. Rev. Wm. Bacon  
Stevens, D. D., LL.D., Bishop of Penn-  
sylvania.

"He hath done all things well: He maketh both  
the Deaf to hear, and the Dumb to speak."—Mark  
vii, 37.

There is something peculiarly inter-  
esting and impressive in the services of  
this morning.

For the first time in the History of the  
Christian Church, authority will be given  
this day to a Deaf and Dumb man to  
preach the everlasting Gospel, to stand  
in God's house and Minister in God's  
name. But it may be asked, how can this  
be done? How can a Deaf and  
Dumb man preach? Why has one of  
this class never been ordained before?

Why do we ordain this person now?  
To answer these questions briefly, and  
thus show how, not in a miraculous way  
indeed, but by the advances of science  
and benevolence, the words of our blessed  
Lord come true, and "He maketh both  
the Deaf to hear and the Dumb to  
speak," will be the aim of this discourse.

To the honor of Christianity be it  
said, that to its influence we owe all  
that has been done for the instruction,  
moral and intellectual, of the Deaf and  
Dumb.

Amidst the highest civilization of an-  
cient days we find no effort in behalf  
of this afflicted class, as they were regarded  
as incapable of instruction.

Among the Greeks the same word  
which signifies bluntness of intellect, or  
mental dullness, also signifies speechless-  
ness and deafness, and so in the New  
Testament the same word is rendered both  
Deaf and Dumb.

When the Blessed Lord came, the  
Deaf and Dumb claimed and received  
His Divine care. Numerous were the  
miracles of healing wrought on these sad  
children of sorrow, showing His ready  
sympathy for their suffering, followed  
by prompt relief of their defective or-  
gans of speech and hearing. The exam-  
ple of the Master taught His disciples  
their first lesson of compassion for this  
class, and though His followers were  
slow to learn it, yet this slowness was  
the result not so much of the lack of love  
for their souls, as of inability to reach  
their brain and heart.

Regarded by the Code of Justinian  
as but one remove from imbeciles, not  
allowed to make wills, execute deeds of  
gift, or other legal instruments; and dis-  
franchised by the disabilities under which  
they labored in nearly every nation in  
Europe; we do not wonder that the  
Church followed too much the opinion  
of the Roman law, and the older Eu-  
ropean codes, based, as Molinæus says,  
on the principle *surdus natus est mutus  
et plane indisciplinabilis*, when it also  
gave but little credit to their ability to  
receive, or believe, the truth as it is in  
Jesus. Even St. Augustine remarks that  
"deafness from birth makes it impossible  
for such a one to have faith, since he  
who is Deaf can neither hear the word  
nor learn to read it," and though he ad-  
mits that the "hearing" whereby faith  
cometh (Rom. x. 17), refers to mental  
understanding, and acceptance into the  
heart, and not to the mere physical sense  
of hearing, for he speaks of *reading* as a  
means whereby the Deaf may receive  
faith, yet in his time, no Deaf and Dumb  
person had ever learned to read. It was  
not until the middle of the Sixteenth  
Century that Pedro Ponce de Leon, a  
Benedictine Monk, who lived in Spain  
between the years 1520-1584, first suc-  
ceeded in imparting instruction to the  
Deaf and Dumb. The cases which he  
mentions are some of them, quite strik-  
ing, though great allowance has to be  
made in reading accounts written in  
times, when efforts of this sort were re-  
garded not only as marvels, but as mira-  
cles, and were magnified by the his-  
torians of them, in order to make deeper  
impressions and secure greater glory.  
Hence, when Ponce de Leon, or rather  
the Abbé Carton, of Bruges, who two  
hundred and fifty years after, upon the  
alleged discovery by him of a MS. ac-  
count of Ponce's works, writes a history  
of his doings, and says that among Ponce's  
pupils was "one who received the order  
of Priesthood and possessed a benefice,  
and performed the duties of his office in  
reciting the Breviary," we must remem-

ber that such an extraordinary statement  
needs proper verification, and has to be  
accepted with large abatements. In the  
light of efforts made for the instruction  
of the Deaf and Dumb, within the last  
hundred years, we cannot accept the  
statement that Ponce taught a congeni-  
tal Deaf-Mute, no to speak, as "to recite  
the Breviary" and perform Mass. The  
person had perhaps only some very se-  
rious impediment in his speech, like  
that, for example, which the Spanish  
Deacon and martyr St. Vincent had,  
which disabled him from speaking, but  
which was only imperfect articulation,  
and not full deafness and dumbness, and  
which the patience and persevering toil  
of Ponce de Leon taught him partially  
to overcome. But if the statement is  
true, it proves that the man had a voice  
and spoke audible words, and hence he  
cannot come under the denomination of  
a man both Deaf and Dumb at his ordi-  
nation.

In the case of St. Vincent just re-  
ferred to, who was martyred in Spain during  
the Diocletian persecution, A. D. 303,  
"he was," says Wheatley, "instructed in  
divinity by Valerius, Bishop of Sara-  
gossa; but by reason of an impediment  
in his speech never took upon him the  
office of preaching." As it was about  
this time the inferior orders of the  
Church was gradually introduced, it is  
more than probable that this martyr was  
but a sub-Deacon or door-keeper, who  
was charged with various inferior offices  
which had been previously discharged by  
Deacons; and in consequence of this,  
was, inaccurately, in that confused age,  
called a Deacon. Be this as it may, in  
both these cases, the "officiating" seems  
to have depended on the ability to use  
the voice; as indeed was proper, when  
the congregations to be ministered to  
were composed of hearing persons.

The effort of Ponce was mentioned by  
Franciscus Vallesius, a Spanish Physi-  
cian, who published his "*Philosophia Sa-  
cra*" in 1590, and who was a friend, as  
he tells us, of Ponce or Petrus Pontius,  
as he calls him. This was followed up  
by Juan Pablo Bonet, who published, in  
1630, the first treatise ever printed on  
the education of the Deaf and Dumb.  
The efforts in Spain, were however, soon  
given up; and so it comes to pass, that  
Spain, the country where the first suc-  
cessful instruction of Deaf-Mutes was  
begun, is now behind all nominally Chris-  
tian lands in its provisions for this class.  
In the latter part of the Sixteenth Cen-  
tury, Rodolphus Agricola, in his work  
entitled "*De Inventione Dialecticæ*," in-  
stances as an illustration of the immen-  
se and almost incredible power of the  
human mind, and as little less than mir-  
aculous, what he had witnessed, "a person  
Deaf and Dumb who had learned to un-  
derstand writing, and as if possessed of  
speech was able to write down his whole  
thoughts." This has been stated to be  
the earliest published testimony as to the  
capacity of Deaf-Mutes to receive in-  
struction in that way.

But the honor of first educating this  
class in the general principles of gram-  
mar, and in primarily associating thoughts  
with written, instead of spoken symbols,  
is generally ascribed to the Abbé de  
l'Épée, in France, in the Eighteenth Cen-  
tury; though Dugald Stewart says that  
George Dalgarno, of Aberdeen, had long  
before been "led by his own sagacity to  
adopt *a priori* the same general conclu-  
sions."

In 1760 schools were opened simulta-  
neously, in Paris, Edinburgh and Dres-  
den, for Mutes, but no institution was  
established by the government until that  
founded in Leipzig by Samuel Heinicke,  
in 1779, where the poor as well as  
others could be received and educated.  
The first in England was founded in  
London in 1792, only eighty-four years  
ago.

It is not necessary, however, in this  
discourse, to go into the history of va-  
rious schemes for educating Deaf-Mutes  
in foreign lands; but it is important  
to state just here, and on this occasion, some  
interesting facts concerning the estab-  
lishment in this country of that im-  
portant work, as it is an illustration of  
the old prophecy, "A little child shall  
lead them." Dr. Mason F. Cogswell,  
who was a practicing physician in Hart-  
ford, Conn., at the beginning of this cen-  
tury, had a daughter named Alice, who,  
from what was then called spotted fever,  
lost her hearing and speech, when two  
years old. The case of this dear little  
girl excited much interest among her  
father's friends, and one in particular,  
the Rev. Thos. H. Gallaudet, took special  
pains to aid the father in relieving the  
dear child. Sympathy for her soon  
expanded into sympathy for her unfor-  
tunate class.

Attention being thus drawn to the  
subject of educating Deaf-Mutes, and  
no one in America having any practical  
knowledge of the subject, it was sug-  
gested by a few benevolent men in Hart-  
ford, to send Mr. Gallaudet to England,  
to study there the newly-founded insti-  
tution for the Deaf and Dumb, and see  
what could be done for such in our  
country. In 1815, Mr. Gallaudet went  
to England; but meeting with no favor-  
able reception either in London or Edin-  
burgh, he was induced to go to Paris,  
and there became acquainted with the  
Abbé Sicard, then at the head of the  
French institution. The Abbé Sicard,  
after devoting thirty years to improving  
the system of Abbé de l'Épée, had  
brought the sign language and the man-  
ual alphabet to great perfection. At this  
institution Mr. Gallaudet was placed by  
the Abbé Sicard under the tutelage of  
one of his best educated Deaf-Mutes,  
and one of his most esteemed teachers,  
Laurent Clerc, who gave Mr. Gallaudet  
private lessons in the sign language, so  
as to fit him for the post he designed to  
occupy on his return to America. Dur-  
ing one of these private lessons, Mr.  
Gallaudet proposed to Mr. Clerc that he  
should go with him to the United States,  
and aid in setting in motion an Asylum  
at Hartford. Without any hesitation  
Mr. Clerc consented.

The two friends landed in New York,  
in August, 1816, and in April, 1817,  
the Institution at Hartford was opened

with seven pupils. This was begun the  
first Asylum for the education of the  
Deaf and Dumb, not only in the United  
States, but in this whole western hemi-  
sphere; and the nearly fifty institutions  
for this class which now are found on  
this continent, are the outgrowth and  
fruit of this first effort made by Mr.  
Gallaudet to teach the little deaf and  
dumb child, Alice Cogswell, more than  
sixty years ago.

These two men, Thomas H. Gallaudet,  
and Laurent Clerc, were the first in this  
land

"Who strove through Nature's prisoning walls  
The hermit heart to reach;  
And, with philosophy divine,  
To give the silent, speech."

MRS. SIGOURNEY.

Sixty years ago there was not an edu-  
cated Deaf-Mute in America. Now  
through the agency of these two men,  
thousands have not only the rudiments  
of education, but many have been taught  
the higher branches of a collegiate course.

In September, 1854, the Deaf and  
Dumb of the United States, erected at  
Hartford a befitting monument to Dr.  
Gallaudet, who had died three years be-  
fore—"As a testimonial of profound  
gratitude to their earliest and best friend  
and benefactor." At the inauguration  
of this noble monument, one of the or-  
ators of the day truly said: "What the  
Mute owes to Gallaudet can be more sig-  
nificantly illustrated by one fact, than by  
an hour's disquisition. Formerly, the  
Deaf and Dumb were, by the presumption  
of our common law, classed with  
idiots and lunatics, presumed by this  
perfection of human reason, to be inca-  
pable from want of sufficient understand-  
ing and perception between right and  
wrong, of any crime. They were of  
course incapacitated to alien estates—to  
make a deed, contract, note, or will, or  
from testifying in a court of justice.  
What a ban was this! Prescribed by  
universal consent from the rank of hu-  
man beings, proscribed from all the busi-  
ness employments, honors and distinc-  
tions of life. When therefore Mr. Gal-  
laudet returned from France he brought  
to this excommunicated class—not only  
the manual alphabet (arbitrary signs)  
and the American Asylum, but a *Magna  
CHARTA*—a bill of rights, an act of em-  
franchisement. We raise columns,  
arches, statues, and hail as liberators,  
the men who restore to their fellows po-  
litical freedom. What need of praise  
shall be awarded to him, who not only  
emancipated a whole class of men in all  
states and for all time, from the thrall of  
ignorance and moral degradation; who  
not only restored to them their rights  
invaluable—*inestimable—but the human-  
ity of which they were robbed?*"

"I hope I shall be pardoned," con-  
tinues the speaker, "if in this connection  
I allude to a companion of Gallaudet,  
in his noble enterprise, his teacher-pupil-  
friend, a man who left his native France,  
with motives as pure and for a cause  
as glorious as drew his illustrious  
countryman, La Fayette to our shores."  
He alluded to Laurent  
Clerc, then living and who then stood  
beside him after forty years' faithful ser-  
vice, and of whom the orator, alluding  
to Mr. Clerc's deafness, says, "He hears  
not; would that my voice could break  
the barred portals of that ear, while it  
speaks of the gratitude of those you  
crossed the ocean to bless and save;  
of the honor and respect of those  
among whom you dwell, of the  
love and reverence of those bound to  
you by dearest ties. Long and late may  
it be—distant, oh! far distant be the  
time when we shall assemble here to pay  
these final honors to you." Thus spoke  
the Mayor of Hartford, the Hon. Henry  
C. Deming, twenty-two years ago. Death  
now claims both these noble and honored  
men.

Two years ago, 1874, the Deaf-Mutes  
of America erected, close by the monu-  
ment to Gallaudet, a memorial bust of  
his colleague, Laurent Clerc, whom the  
Abbé Sicard styled, "The Apostle of the  
Deaf-Mutes of the new world," and in  
whom, they acknowledge a sympathizing  
benefactor "who left his native land to  
elevate them by his teachings, and en-  
courage them by his example."

By a singular and most marked coin-  
cidence, the sons of these two founders  
of Deaf-Mute Education in America, are  
here to-day, and stand here, as Presby-  
ters of the Protestant Episcopal Church,  
to take part in the ordination of the  
first Deaf-Mute ever commissioned by our  
Church to take upon him the office of a  
Deacon in the Church of God. Worthy  
sons of noble sires!

If the spirits of the blessed dead are  
permitted to witness the transactions of  
earth, methinks that these holy men,  
who now "rest from their labor," must  
look with special delight on this scene, as  
each sees a son—a priest of the Lord—  
carrying on the work the fathers began,  
and inaugurating an era in the moral  
condition of the Deaf-Mutes, which may  
be the means of eternal salvation to  
thousands of the children of silence.

Having said this much of the past,  
we come now to the present, and answer  
the question, Why, as one never before  
was ordained a Minister of Christ, do  
you do it now?

It has been shown, that with rare, and  
even then doubtful exceptions, until  
within less than a century, no systematic  
effort was made on any great scale to  
teach the deaf and dumb. The inven-  
tion by the Abbé de l'Épée of the sign  
language, and the perfection to which  
that language, and the hand alphabet  
were carried by his successor, the Abbé  
Sicard, opened new avenues to the long-  
closed minds of mutes.

The ear has ever been regarded as one  
of the principal instruments of securing  
mental development. Aristotle said that  
of all the senses ministering to the mind's  
growth and culture, hearing was the  
chief; and you all know how John Bun-  
yan, the charming dreamer, makes "Ear-  
gate" one of the most important portals  
of "the town of Man-soul." But with  
the ear closed, and the tongue silent, how  
was the imprisoned mind to be ministered  
to? How were its powers to be drawn

out and cultivated and made the re-  
pository of knowledge and religion? It  
was done by simply taking nature's lan-  
guage of signs, and adapting that lan-  
guage philosophically and dexterously to  
the necessities of the Deaf-Mute. The  
natural language of mankind is gesture,  
and pantomime is one of the most ex-  
pressive forms of communicating facts  
and ideas.

In addition to the sign language, the  
manual alphabet, or dactylology, has  
been carried to such perfection that it is  
used both rapidly and exactly, to convey  
information on any subject; and the fin-  
gers of an educated Mute can spell out  
words to the eye of another, as rapidly  
as a pen in the hand of a ready writer  
can trace them with ink on paper. It is  
precisely equivalent to writing; like it  
conveying words as *spelled* (not as *pronounced*)  
to the eye letter by letter. The posi-  
tion of the fingers imitate the shape of  
the written letters.

"The cunning finger, finely twined,  
The subtle thread that knitteth mind to mind;  
There that strange bridge of signs was built,  
Where roll

The sunless waves that sever soul from soul,  
And by the Arch, no bigger than a hand,  
Truth traveled over to the silent land."

Yes! by this bridge of signs truth has  
traveled over to the silent land. It has  
been proved to demonstration that the  
sign and manual language does convey  
full and accurate knowledge of Divine  
truth to the minds of the Deaf and  
Dumb. It has also been proved that in  
not a single known instance has an un-  
educated Deaf-Mute had any conception  
of the existence of a Supreme Being as a  
Creator and Ruler of the Universe, and  
as has been well said by an officer of the  
Great London Institution, "No condition  
of heathen darkness is more deplorable  
than that of an uneducated Deaf-Mute."  
The Rev. Dr. Wm. W. Turner, who was  
for many years at the head of the Hart-  
ford Asylum, who has been recognized as  
the highest authority on such subjects,  
writes me: "I will only say that on all  
subjects of a religious or spiritual nature,  
uneducated Deaf-Mutes are wholly ignor-  
ant; and that in our Institution by the  
medium of sign language, they may be  
as clearly and fully instructed as other  
young persons, and are quite as suscep-  
tible of saving influences from the truth  
and spirit of God."

Our beloved brother now present tells  
me that his father, Dr. Gallaudet, first  
conceived the idea of using the sign lan-  
guage in the public worship of God. He  
began at once to assemble his pupils in  
the Chapel for services and religious in-  
struction on Sunday, and for daily Morn-  
ing and Evening Prayers. Many were  
led along to have an intelligent faith in  
the Saviour. This plan has been follow-  
ed in all American Institutions. Further-  
more, we find that the brother now with  
us has gone a step further. In the Fall  
of 1850 he began a Bible Class for adult  
Deaf-Mutes in the vestry room of old  
St. Stephen's Church, N. Y. The thought  
was at length put into his mind, ever  
intent as it was to do something for the  
spiritual welfare of this class, that in the  
great city of New York there should be  
one Church caring specially for Deaf-  
Mutes, and so twenty-four years ago he  
began St. Ann's Free Church for Deaf-  
Mutes, of which he is now the Rector.  
Not satisfied with this, he established  
missions to the Deaf-Mutes in Philadel-  
phia, Baltimore, Boston, Albany, &c.,  
&c., till at length out of all this work  
grew, in the Fall of 1872, the incorpora-  
tion of the society known as "The Church  
Mission to Deaf-Mutes, with its National  
Home for the Aged and Infirm Deaf-Mutes."

Few things are more touching than to  
witness their silent worship, and mark  
their eager faces as they drink in, through  
the eye, the varied truths as they fall,  
not from speaking lips, but from hands  
eloquent with expressive gesture; carry-  
ing straight to their souls the teachings  
of their Divine Saviour. It is beautiful  
to note, how the law of compensation  
comes in to supplement and overmaster  
aural and lingual defects; and make  
more emphatic teaching by the hand  
and eye, and thus impart double quickness  
to the perceptive faculties. And as, in  
building the Temple of Solomon, there  
was no sound of any tool heard in the  
house while it was in building, so the  
living temples in the souls of these  
Mutes are noiselessly built up by the  
Holy Ghost in the solemn silence of a  
speechless tongue and a closed ear; and  
in these living temples the Lord is in  
truth "present," and the earth does in-  
deed "keep silence before Him."

It being established, then, that the  
Deaf-Mute is, in an uneducated state, ut-  
terly ignorant of God; that he can be  
taught the truths of revelation; that  
this knowledge can be imparted to him  
by the manual alphabet and sign lan-  
guage; the next question is, who shall  
minister to this class? There are over  
20,000 Deaf-Mutes in the United States.  
There are several hundred in this city.  
To leave their instruction solely to those  
who can speak but who have learned the  
finger and sign language, would be to  
limit them to a very few teachers. It  
has been stated on the very highest au-  
thority that there are only three or four  
clergymen in all England who could ad-  
minister consolation and the Holy Com-  
munion to the Deaf and Dumb, and in  
this country very few of our clergy are  
skilled in Dactylology.

In the Providence of God, there has  
been presented to us a Deaf-Mute, one  
of their own class, whom, after due ex-  
amination, we received as a candidate  
for Holy Orders, with full qualifications,  
and who will shortly, in your presence,  
be admitted to the Diaconate.

But you may ask, as others have done,  
Does not the Bible forbid such a thing?  
I answer, No. There are certain defects  
or blemishes set down in the 21st chap-  
ter of Leviticus, which if a man had he  
was not to approach to offer sacrifices;  
here called the "Bread of God." But  
among the twelve things named as  
disqualifications for the Priestly office  
under the Jewish economy, deafness and  
dumbness are not named. Blindness is  
specified—even a catarrh of the eye

is mentioned—lameness is mentioned,  
imperfect hands and feet are stated, but  
the loss of hearing and speech is not re-  
corded. We find furthermore that St.  
Luke tells us that Zacharias, a Priest of  
the course of Abia, after he was smitten  
speechless, did not cease to officiate be-  
cause he was dumb, and depart at once  
to his own house, but he remained serv-  
ing in the Temple "until the days of his  
ministration were ended." So that,  
while there is no specific mention of this  
misfortune as a disqualification for mi-  
nisterial service; a case is recorded, mi-  
raculous indeed, but none the less in-  
structive, where a Priest who was dumb  
did continue to minister in his office in  
the Temple of God.

Others have asked, Do not the Ancient  
Canons forbid such an Ordination?  
Again I answer, No. The only one of  
the Canons of the early Councils which  
at all speaks of this class is the 78th of  
the Primitive Canons, commonly called  
"Apostolic." This says, "If one is to-  
tally deaf or blind let him not be made  
a Bishop; not that he is thus doled,  
but that the affairs of the Church may  
not be hindered;" or, as Bingham trans-  
lates the last clause, "because he will not  
be able to perform the duties of his func-  
tion." Passing by for the present, the  
question as to the authority of these  
Canons, which, according to the learned  
Hefele, were composed in the 4th and  
5th centuries, and are hardly more than  
repetitions and variations of the decrees  
of the Synods of Antioch, 341; permit me  
to say, that if it be contended that this  
Canon which is confessedly of unknown  
origin, be authoritative, it only declares  
that a deaf man "shall not be a Bishop;  
i. e. he shall not be a chief Pastor having  
Diocesan jurisdiction. As this is the  
only Canon either of the Ante-Nicene or  
Post-Nicene Councils, which at all bears  
upon the case, and as no other has been  
enacted by any Provincial Synod or Ecum-  
enical Council, we reach the conclu-  
sion that there is no Canonical bar to  
the ordination of the candidate before us.

But it has been said that a Deaf-Mute  
cannot be ordained because he cannot  
read aloud as required by the Canon. In  
the first place, I would remark that our  
Canons and Rubrics contemplate a speak-  
ing clergy and hearing congregations;  
and as no case requiring any other con-  
ditions had ever occurred, hence no provi-  
sion had been specially made to meet such a  
case as this. But the requirement "in  
the art of reading aloud," spoken of in  
Section V. Canon 2, Title 1 of the Di-  
ocese of Antioch, 341; permit me to  
say, is one simply to test his abilities, so  
as to "justify the expectation of his use-  
fulness in the office of a Deacon," as the  
same Canon recites. But if the office  
of a Deacon is to be exercised in a con-  
gregation which cannot hear, then the  
"art of reading aloud" is not needed,  
and could be of no use; while the  
underlying principle of the Canon,  
that the Deacon should show his  
ability to communicate his Divine  
message to the intellect and con-  
science of the people, in such a manner  
as that the people to whom he ministers  
shall most readily receive and understand  
it, is fully complied with when the Dea-  
con can so minister before the congrega-  
tion in a language understood by the  
people, as that the people shall be edified  
thereby. This is precisely the case here.  
The people to whom this Deacon will of-  
ficiate can, as a congregation, be minis-  
tered to only through the sign language;  
and the Deacon to be commissioned will  
discharge his duties to them only through  
that sign language when he ministereth  
in the congregation.

But it has further been objected that  
this is a dangerous precedent. It will be  
a sufficient reply to this, to say, that  
up to this time we have no facts to war-  
rant such an assertion, and that the re-  
strictions and limitations surrounding  
this case are such as to make it impos-  
sible to be abused as a precedent dangerous  
to the peace or purity of the Church.  
Hence we dismiss this objection, as be-  
ing neither founded on any known fact,  
nor justified by a due regard to the cir-  
cumstances of the special case before us.  
When it becomes necessary to hoist the  
danger signal, the Church will heed the  
warning and provide for her safety.

It has been further objected that no  
one could judge of the Preaching of a  
Deaf-Mute, whether it was *churchly* and  
scriptural. The answer to this is, that  
the guarantee is found in the years of  
preliminary study, training and examina-  
tions to which this candidate has been  
subjected; together with the daily tenor  
of his Christian life since his confirma-  
tion. These are all the guarantees we  
ask in any case before we admit a man  
as a Deacon. The door of entrance is  
just as much guarded in this case  
as in the case of a speaking Deacon, and  
every safeguard which the Church re-  
quires for her speaking clergy, is re-  
quired and fulfilled here.

If it be said that afterward, there is  
no way of judging of the Preaching of  
the Deaf-Mute, whether it be *churchly*  
and orthodox, because the great body of  
the people cannot understand the sign  
language; I answer that the same ob-  
jection holds to our Missionaries in for-  
eign lands, preaching in Greek or Chinese  
or Japanese. The Church having tried  
these men,



tion for honors, and passed the latter "cum honor" in Latin and English. In December of that year, continued inflammation of the eyes made his physician declare it necessary that he should suspend study for a long time; and he left Trinity College with an honorable dismissal from the President, now Bishop Kerfoot, of Pittsburgh.

Undaunted by this affliction, we find him in July, 1867, in Cambridge, England, and in October of that year he entered St. John's College in that old University. At the Annual Examination in June, 1868, he was sixth in the first class of nearly a hundred, although in poor health; and was also awarded one of the "Exhibitions," founded by Sir Ralph Hare. In the Michaelmas Term of that year, illness, culminating in congestion of the brain, made it unsafe to continue reading for honors in mathematics as he was then doing, under the tuition of the Rev. Percival Frost, one of the most eminent mathematicians in the University; and in February, 1869, he returned to the United States, being offered a Professorship in the New York Institution for the Deaf and Dumb. While occupying this position, with returning health, he immediately made a bold and vigorous effort for a degree, and finding that the course of study at Yale College corresponded most nearly with what had been his line of reading, he applied to President Woolsey, and was admitted by the Faculty to examination for a degree. He was accordingly examined in June and July, 1869, in the studies of each of the four classes, viz., the Freshman, Sophomore, Junior and Senior, attending the regular annual examinations in most subjects, and being especially examined in Latin, by Prof. Thatcher, in Greek, by Prof. Hadley, in Political Science, by President Woolsey, and in Moral and Intellectual Philosophy by Dr. (now President) Porter. Such was his marked proficiency that the Faculty unanimously admitted him to the Degree of Bachelor of Arts, with the graduating class of 1869, and he proceeded M. A. in course in 1872; while Trinity admitted him "M. A." ad eundem in 1875. He was for several years Professor of Chemistry and Physics in the New York Institution for the Deaf and Dumb; and now, in consequence of his familiar knowledge of the French, German and Italian languages, is the Foreign Editor of THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, giving translations from foreign papers, published for the reading of the deaf and dumb, or professionally discussing their education.

What an heroic effort was this to secure the prize of a high education! what perseverance! what energy! what self-sacrifice! what singleness of eye did he manifest in all these years of trial and of discipline! When you consider the obstacles in his way, the lack of speech and hearing, and the added difficulties arising from delicate and frequently declining health, and then mark what he has succeeded in accomplishing; have we not a guarantee of a high and noble character and of great and useful faculties of mind and heart?

But better than all this, he is a true and humble believer in our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. He was confirmed by Bishop Horatio Potter in 1858, at the age of eleven years, and since then he has considered himself consecrated to Christ's service. His heart has long desired to be useful to his fellow Mutes, and he has striven in various ways, as a Bible Class Teacher and Lecturer, to instruct them in the principles and practices of our Holy Religion.

After much watching and waiting and praying, the door of hope seemed to open before him and he was admitted over fifteen months ago as a candidate for Holy Orders in this Diocese. Gifted with strong mental powers; enriched with culture in the arts, the sciences and the classics; endowed with sturdy moral qualities, and with a heart kindled into love for his dear Lord, he stands before us to-day an object of once of sincere admiration for what he has done, and of sincere sympathy for his sad affliction.

How ought we to rejoice that the religion of Him who only can say to the deaf ear "Ephphatha," has by means of effective instrumentalities, been able virtually to unstop the ear of the deaf and loose the tongue of the dumb, and make them to receive and believe and love Him who first by precept and example, cared for, and blessed, this unfortunate class!

We cannot enough thank God for opening this channel of intercourse between these and their God and Saviour; enabling them to apprehend spiritual truth and to drink in with real delight the comfort and hopes of Revelation.

How ought we to rejoice that our beloved Church has manifested such care for and oversight of these Deaf-Mutes as to establish for them special services, where they can use our Liturgy and participate in all our spiritual privileges! Our Prayer Book is an invaluable blessing to them as a medium of worship. Once taught to read, with this book in their hands they can enter into our courts, and join in all parts of the service, as it moves on from opening sentence through humble confession, and penitential prayer, and ancient psalter, and noble Te Deum, and Collect, and Lesson, and Creed, and Commendations, and Epistle, and Gospel, to the Benediction. They can hear, indeed no responsive words from the people; they catch no melodious sound as it issues from the choir, the organ, or the great congregation; they lose all the jubilant strains of vocal music; but, if they can hear no tone striking in sweet harmony on the outward ear, they can with the spirit and understanding "make melody in their hearts to the Lord," and so they can worship with us in all the fullness of our service and "in the beauty of holiness."

Here permit me to express for myself, and in behalf of the Deaf-Mutes, our sincere thanks to the Rector, Wardens and Vestry of this Church in which we are assembled, for the long continued and nursing care which they have extended to this class, by giving them so freely the

use of the Church and their Chapel for their public and other services.

Cordially has the Rector entered into all the efforts now being made for the spiritual welfare of these people, and God's blessing will surely rest upon a Church which so effectually ministers to Christ, when it ministers to Christ's afflicted ones in the person of the Deaf and Dumb.

In the presence of the sons of the two Founders of the Education of Deaf-Mutes on this Continent, let me ask you to regard with increased benevolence those Institutions, which now number nearly fifty Asylums, and which have given instruction to thousands. Let me ask you in the presence of him, who under God first carried out the idea of establishing a special Church in connection with our own for the special benefit of this class; to sustain, with true, generous liberality, all efforts made to bring our Church in more living and practical contact with the Deaf and Dumb, that it may be one of the Saviour's hands holding forth to them the Word of Life and the Sacraments of His own Institution. And finally, let me ask you in the presence of this Dear Brother, now to be ordained Deacon, to give him your moral, as well as benevolent support, in the work in which he is soon to engage. It is a mission field lying at your own doors. It blends strongly the domestic and the foreign elements in one. The domestic, in that the subjects of it live in our midst; the foreign, in that they speak not our speech, and know not our tongue, and are to us as foreigners in their modes of intercommunication.

It is a mission which should appeal to every parent's heart. To those whose children have perfect organs of speech and hearing, as a cause of thanksgiving to God for such blessings; and as exciting a desire to help those who have them not. To those who have in their households some child of silence, as offering to such a heart and means whereby the mind and heart of the Mute may be opened to hear the Saviour's voice, and feel the Saviour's love. And who knows, but that in the future, this affliction may cross your own threshold, and climb up into your own chamber, in the form of some bright boy whom disease may rob of hearing; or some darling girl who, like little Alice Cogswell, shall suddenly be bereft of speech, and then when the sad reality breaks upon you, you may find the two most important organs of your child fast locked, beyond the power of human skill to open! O then, in that hour of almost wild despair at their deprivation of speech and hearing, shall you learn the blessedness of the power of this mission work, to mitigate a disaster, the evil of which we cannot conceive, and the trials of which, can no speaking tongue declare.

Above all, brethren, pray for this man of God now to be commissioned and sent forth. Pray that he may be thoroughly furnished unto every good work; that he may be wise to win souls; that he may be "approved of God a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth." Pray that a door of access may be opened to him to the class of people among whom he is to labor; that through the presentation of the Saviour's words he may be able to say to the deaf ear of the soul, "Ephphatha,"—he opened—opened to hear the voice of the Holy Ghost, opened to enjoy in the unspoken language of the spirit, the praises of God; so that finally he who ministers to them, and they to whom he ministers, may at last meet together where, freed from all physical impediment restored to clearness of hearing, and fullness of speech, with spiritual bodies defective in no part, and perfect in all, they shall hear the plaudits of their loving Saviour, "Come, ye blessed of my Father," and sing with faultless tongues, the new song, sung by the Redeemed in glory.

#### Washington Correspondence.

(From our regular Correspondent.)  
WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan. 27, 77.

A unique celebration took place in this city last evening in commemoration of the one hundred and eighteenth anniversary of the birthday of the favorite Scotch poet, Robert Burns. The exercises of the evening commenced with music by the pipers of the Caledonian Club. There were speeches, sentiments, songs and dances, all rendered after the Scotch manner, the musical part of the programme being particularly well sustained. Several ladies appeared in full toilettes of Scotch plaid and many others wore rosettes and sashes of Highland plaid—the latter in Scotch style across the shoulder—in favor of the occasion. A fine set of dances, twelve in number, was discussed, the music being that of pipes—the pipers being all in full Scotch costume. Among other guests, President Grant, Col. Fred Grant, Secretary Cameron, General Babcock and other distinguished persons were entertained with an excellent supper, and a general good time was enjoyed.

The attention of the public in Washington is being called to the suffering and destitute poor of the District of Columbia as never before. Over a thousand families, in Washington alone, are wholly dependent upon charity for the bare necessities of life, and many others require more or less assistance. The principal reasons for this state of things are the unprecedented severity of the weather and the stringency of the times. Very many are able and willing to work—merely for their board, but even this is denied them—the wealthiest are obliged to economize. Private charity is doing a great amount toward the relief of the sick and poor, and every evening witness entertainments gotten up among the higher classes in different parts of the city for the aid of the poor in these localities. One on Capital Hill last night was an unusually pleasant affair—a real literary treat, the proceeds of which are to be devoted to the establishing of a soup-house of which several have lately been started

about the city. A part of the program was most agreeably filled by recitations by "Grace Greenwood," (Mrs. Lippincott). The Spanish minister's lady, Madame Mantilla, gave a grand party last evening in honor of, and to celebrate the second anniversary of the ascension of King Alfonso to the throne of Spain. There was no dancing nor music nor amusements of any kind but conversation. The first class of society was present and the affair was considered quite recherché in all particulars. The spacious rooms were beautifully arranged, the profusion of flowers converting shelves and mantles into banks of bloom, being quite remarkable at this season. Large trees of orange, lemon and camellia in full bloom, standing about, also added to the novelty of the scene, as well as numerous wax candles which shed a softened, mellow light around. The use of wax lights is fast superseding the gas, to which we are accustomed, and, as it is a European custom, it, of course, obtains where wealth and taste are combined.

The Compromise Bill passed the Senate last night after a severe struggle which lasted the whole night, only adjourning at seven o'clock, and the vote upon it will be taken in the House to-day. There appears to be little doubt that it will soon become a law that the counting of the electoral vote shall be done by five Senators, five Representatives and five Judges of the U. S. Supreme Court. The Congressional part of the Commission is to be selected in each House by a *viva-voce* vote. There are important points yet to be decided in connection with the matter; as the political complexion the Commission will take—whether there will be two Democrats and three Republicans from the House, or all Republicans from the Senate and all Democrats from the House; and the length of time it will be permissible for the Commission to sit.

Much dissatisfaction is felt by the people of the country at the action of the two telegraph companies in giving up their dispatches on the demand of a Congressional Committee, the idea of the possibility of their communications being at any time made public, not being in any degree reliable.

M. M. W.

#### GOSSIP FROM NEW YORK.

NEW YORK, Jan. 30, 1877.

(From our Special Correspondent.)

The principal political theme has lately been the Electoral Bill, Grant's action in the matter, and comments by different people according to their various prejudices and predilections. His special importance and the fact of its really being before the Senate, woke up some of the old rancorous feeling that has slept since the early days when the returns were coming in, but not in any great degree, and were it not that the newspapers kept it constantly before the public, it is doubtful if one would hear even an expression of opinion about the matter, much less any show of feeling. Grant's leaving as he did on Saturday, is of course commented on variously, those opposed to him, calling it a dodge, those in his favor, saying he merely went off for a little recreation.

Like that eccentric gentleman in the South who was connected with the Bonaparte party, "I have no prejudices, but turkey-buzzard is not good," but what I consider political turkey-buzzard is a conundrum on the principle that "words were made to disguise thoughts." However, don't imagine that I am fitting for a New York political trimmer. The offices are all filled at present.

Beecher has made himself the subject of considerable talk once more. A week ago, while entertaining a clerical union at his house, Mr. Frederick C. Palmer was introduced, and gave the impression that he wished to speak upon the subject of the negroes. It got wind among the congregation, and an attempt was made to shut him off, but Mr. Palmer was on time Friday evening, and this communicative, spiritualistic gentleman, got ahead of the Blair-Sherman-Halliday party, much to their disgust, and had his little say. Then Mr. Beecher took the other side of the question and proceeded to unseat it. Hence the little episode that has got into the paper, under the euphonious title of "the bloody shirt speech."

Not content with having thus disturbed Mr. Beecher's calm and peaceful way, on Saturday morning about 3 o'clock, his friends and Church members the Mallorras, were awakened by a suffocating smell of smoke. The feminine members at once sought refuge beneath the sheltering roof of their beloved pastor, it being his particular mission to save them from fire. He received them beneath his roof, and then rushed over to assist in an attempt to save the valuables. After rescuing most of these, he charged upon the cellar and there found a jeit near the furnace on fire, which he extinguished with a few buckets of water, before the firemen arrived, and the Mallorras returned to their homes, more than ever believing in the good works of their pastor.

To add that little bit of depreciation, necessary to prevent even a pastor from having too good an opinion of himself, his publishers are bankrupt for the second time, and they record Beecher's "Idiot of Christ" in their assets as "value uncertain." "Higher than a kite," was the term applied to it during the great trial.

The masculine social event last week was the French ball. Not that the feminine elements were absent by any means, only that feminine element did not mean the wives, daughters or sisters of the men who were present, and the ball to self was represented as anything from "a dying friend" to "official business in Washington." Several well-known brokers ostensibly went to Washington for "points," having muddled the brains of their better halves with the electoral vote, its effect on stocks, Grant's action, etc. It gave them the night at the ball and the next day to recover, as Washington is some distance away. There is

an immense attempt to write it up into respectability, but heads of families, principally, do not care to have this accomplished, for once on a par with the "Charity" and their wives, daughters, sisters and mothers-in-law, would want to go, and good-bye to fun, pages in blue or pink satin, distracting dominoes, and parties like Miss Josie Mansfield in the private boxes.

A recent transaction shows how dogs are smuggled into the country. The officers on the steamships bring them over and dispose of them to the fanciers here. Five times came in to the possession of one of these men, but the Custom House officers snatched a rat (terrier) and they were seized. One of these a veritable little dog, named Dimont, which had been on exhibition in England, was valued at \$200. After payment of the duties, however, the dealer was permitted to take the property.

The Home Insurance Company's 47th Semi-annual Statement shows assets on January 1st, of over \$6,000,000. After making every requisite provision for re-insurance, unadjusted losses and all other liabilities, the company has a net surplus of \$1,002,784 over and above its cash capital of \$3,000,000. This is certainly a remarkably strong financial exhibit and in times like these, it gives the public assurance of unquestionable indemnity if insured in the Home. The assets, moreover, are invested in the very best securities, and it is obvious that both the financial and the underwriting administration of this popular New York company is simply admirable.

In art matters, during the past week, we have the exhibition of water colors at the Academy of Design, but many of our artists who are original and pleasing when they paint in oils, fail decidedly when they touch the more delicate tints.

English opera with Louise Kellogg in the "Flying Dutchman," occasioned a slight furore, but Aimee will have it all her own way, when she gives us opera bouffe.

This is to be the last week of "Miss Multon" and handkerchiefs will resume their normal size. Small sheets have been in demand since its introduction.

The prayer meeting is still carried on in the eternal interests of the brokers, and Mrs. Van Cott is to add her influence in the way of prayer and exhortation.

The sale of the Hastie-Tracy library has been fair, though many valuable books have gone for a mere song.

Advertisements are now inserted for the purchase of superfluous wedding presents, and several people, in various lines of business, are driving a very pretty trade in this way. It is now proposed to save all this trouble, the would-be donor of a wedding gift shall send half the amount in money in an envelope, as his present will probably not bring half what he paid for it to the young couple when they come to dispose of it.

#### Farewell Sermon.

Rev. Jas. P. Stratton preached his farewell sermon on Sunday evening to a very large audience, the house being so filled as to require extra seats in front and in the aisles. The pastors of the Baptist and Methodist churches were with him in the pulpit, assisting in the opening and closing services. The pulpit and table were beautifully adorned, with five magnificent callas, an oleander and other plants in bloom. They were procured and arranged by June Stone, Misses Carrie Golt, Jennie Calkins, Cora and Kittie Becker, and Mrs. Baker. The choir opened the services by singing the twenty-third psalm. The text was "The glorious gospel of the blessed God." Mr. Stratton said, in substance, that the significance of words depends on the user. They had been compared to empty cups until filled by the soul. In Paul's mouth they had meaning. A long time ago he called the gospel glorious, and we can say the same, putting more heart in it than into almost anything else. Glorious because it is constructive as well as destructive, builds up something fairer and grander than it has thrown down. Other systems mend—Christianity recreates. If it pardons, it also regenerates. The life of Christ teaches us to live so that by and by we shall require no penalties, no pardons. What grows there are when the gospel does its perfect work, growth into the divine.

The gospel, like any great thought, is unteaching. Too great, too mighty to be confined to any place it goes forth to the loving conquest of a world, to take away its sin and finally transfer its inhabitants into heaven. It glorifies. For six years Mr. Stratton had been preaching this gospel to his people here, but the last time had come. He came here not knowing himself, distrustful of himself, but had been received with kindness, and the appreciation of his labors by the people had given him confidence. He felt he had a place in their hearts as they had in his. A few, very few misunderstandings had arisen, he wondered they had been so few. The church was stronger than when he came—its members had grown. Also, a large number had been added, and to these, his children in Christ, he was particularly attached. He should ever hold them in memory. To them he gave his special benediction and prayer. He closed by bidding an affectionate good-bye to his church, his fellow pastors and the people.

Mr. Stratton leaves us highly esteemed and much regretted. May his labors with the far-away church to which he goes be crowned with the highest success.

We do not believe our hardware dealers are selling many axes, cross-cut saws, cable chains or other tools pertaining to "logging" this winter. The snow is too deep to do any work in the woods, with profit.

#### Letter from Rev. G. E. Watson.

RECTORY ST. PETER'S CHURCH, 1 FREDHOLD, N. J., Jan. 26, 77.

My Dear Sir: Enclosed find my subscription to your paper for the coming twelve months. I can not do without it, for it has become an old friend now, telling me weekly in regard to the "goings out" and "comings in" of those with whom I walked in "familiar converse" three years, and more, ago.

You have had some changes, I perceive, in church and village—removals and marriages and deaths—these come to all. But, on the whole, I presume I should find things about the same should I drop in upon you, as I may, in the coming summer days.

A trip to the White Mountains and the Centennial financially "floored" me during the last vacation; but perhaps I may find an "honest penny" somewhere to bear me Northward when the gentle zephyrs blow again.

The years glide pleasantly away in Freehold, and I find my hands full of work, having, besides my Parish duties, a mission station (voluntarily assumed), and a sea-side chapel within my charge. This last is the result of an attempt made by me two summers since to plant our church at some points on the "Jersey" shore, and I feel it to be very successful, as there is now a property worth \$3,500 at Asbury Park belonging to us, and another church in course of erection farther down the beach.

I keep fairly well and have not lost a service in these three years. Last week my Parishioners gave Mrs. Watson and myself a kindly donation visit, which, of course, cheered our hearts as an evidence of "good will" from the church people and other friends.

You did not come to see me last autumn. Please remember that yourself and other Mexicans are always welcome in my simple home.

GEO. H. WATSON.

[Mr. Watson's many friends in this place will rejoice to learn of his active and earnest efforts in the Master's cause, and that they are appreciated by his Parishioners; and, should become this way next summer, or at any time, he will be heartily welcomed by his old parishioners and other citizens.—Ed. IND.]

#### Improvements.

John McKinley, Esq., has recently been making considerable, and we should judge somewhat expensive improvements in and about his tannery. He has placed in a building, erected for the purpose, a large, fine boiler and engine, with which he intends to operate his machinery, beat his vats, distill his liquors, heat his dry house, etc., etc. He expects to generate his steam with great economy, using for fuel the waste tank from the leeches; so it will be of no use to go to his tannery hereafter for a load of tan bark. B. S. Stone & Co., of this village, were the contractors for putting in the steam heating apparatus in the dry room. It looks to us as well done as if some city steam fitter had done the work, and we understand Mr. McKinley is well pleased with the job. We might say in this connection that we fear there are many of our citizens who go away from home for work of various kinds that could be as well done at home and oftentimes cheaper; but then it would not be done by a city chap who drinks lager, and it might help to build up our village, which, perhaps, would not answer! We once knew a man to go from here to Oswego to buy an article that he said could be bought fifty cents cheaper there than at home. It cost him over one dollar in money and one day's time to save fifty cents. That's the way to get rich, and make your neighbors happy!

From an inspection of the tannery, we find that Mr. McKinley is doing a good business in spite of the dull times; indeed, he informs us that his business has been constantly increasing ever since he purchased the tannery, and that now it is considerably larger than it was formerly. He deserves this success, and we hope that he will ever be as prosperous as he is now.

#### A Pleasant Gathering.

On Friday evening last the Bible classes of Rev. Jas. P. Stratton and his wife assembled at their house, with a large number of others, for a final visit, and enjoyed a delightful social time. But the best of all was, the classes had brought a testimonial of their appreciation of their teachers and their high regard for them, in the shape of twelve solid silver teaspoons and twelve silver-plated table knives. These were presented by Mrs. Ella Baker in a neat little speech, which was feelingly responded to by both Mr. and Mrs. Stratton.

#### PARISH.

There was a very pleasant event at the residence of G. R. Mosher, Esq., last Thursday evening, that of the marriage of his accomplished daughter Lizzie, to Wm. H. Baker, Esq., both of this place. The happy pair started immediately for a trip to New York.

Messrs. Morse and Irish were promptly on hand soon after Mr. Foley's fire to adjust insurance matters. To-day L. H. Conklin, of Mexico, accompanied by a Mr. Brown of Oswego, was in town adjusting insurance matters with Mr. Foley. Such promptness is commendable.

The snow is three feet deep on an average; too deep for lumbering.

Parish, Jan. 29, 1877.

Town Meeting will soon be here, and those who want office can leave their names with us for publication. Now, gentlemen, don't be backward in coming forward. One voter (John Berry) has already announced himself a candidate for the office of Justice of Peace, and it is reported that "Jake" Brown desires to be elected Pound Keeper.

#### The Lecture.

On Friday evening last, delivered by Prof. Frank Smalley, of Syracuse University, showed much study and observation and merited a much larger attendance. The lecturer spoke without notes, was evidently at home with his subject and his manner of delivery was excellent. Those who did not attend have much to regret. The poor attendance was largely due to bad roads and previous engagements.

The following is a synopsis of the lecture: The surface of the earth is undergoing constant change. We see the old fade away and the new appear all around us. It therefore has a history. That history is recorded for us by a hand which never makes a mistake. To study this truly we must study facts and draw conclusions therefrom.

We dig into the rocks and find remains of animals and plants which were much different from those now found on the earth. These remains tell us of both the climate and geography of the country in which they lived. In the polar regions are found remains of animals that could live only in a sub-tropical climate; while the maple, poplar and elm made up their forest. In Indiana and Ohio are found tropical trees with the fruit in all stages, even that perfectly ripened. All these tell us of a climate much warmer than that we now experience. Broad rivers must have flowed in the now ice-bound regions; clouds scooped up the waters from the seas and poured them over the whole globe; flowers blossomed wherever there was land above the ocean, and palm trees might have decorated the spot beneath this village. Piled above the bones of the animals and remains of plants is sand, clay and gravel, interspersed with large boulders. Many of the boulders are found perched high on mountain tops, or nicely balanced on the ledges of solid rock, or scattered in the valley. Near them are found deep scratches in the rock, with finer markings, but all parallel, and extending nearly in line with the valley in which they are found.

River beds are found filled with gravel and boulders. The Erie canal occupies an old bed of the Mohawk between Rome and Utica. The dykes of the coal beds are but river channels filled with sand or clay. When the force that could lift these immense boulders to their lofty resting place, or plow the groves in the solid rock to the depth of eight and even ten feet. Whence the agency that excavated the places for the lakes, and covered the bones of the animals or filled the river channels with the gravel? Here is the history Nature has written, and how shall it be translated. The laws of Nature are unchangeable, and those in force to-day must have been through all ages. In mountainous regions where snow rests on their summits, are found large masses of ice, formed by the accumulation of snow. Its great weight crowds it down the mountain between its ridges and in its course it takes pieces of rock, drags them along with it, piling the sides of the mountains and depositing its burden when compelled to do so by the warmer air, far down the valley. Here then we see agents accomplishing the same work that has been done before. But how account for the action that should bring the boulders from the Canadas here? Is it possible that there has been so much of the northern hemisphere covered with ice?

Whence all the cold? An answer is found in the difference in the amount of heat received from the sun at one time compared with that at another. Our winter occurs when the earth is nearest the sun, and while it is traveling at its greatest velocity winter consequently is seven days shorter than our summer. The time has been and will be again when our winter is thirty-six days longer than summer, and that too, when we are many millions miles farther from the sun. Hence the cold, the required ice and snow, and their consequent results this side of the lakes. These moving masses of ice, the glaciers, have done their work and prepared the earth for man. Nature takes down the old to build up the new. Is man not doing his work to prepare the earth for the next great change?

Prof. Calvin Townsend, of the Rochester Business University, who delivers the next lecture, Wednesday, Feb. 7, is spicy and instructive. His subject is "The Signs We Hang out." A full turnout is expected at this lecture. Tickets for the remaining lectures will be reduced to 80 cents for adults, and 40 cents for children.

Angeli Matthewson, who was born in Pulaski, learned the printer's trade there, and afterwards worked on the Oswego Palladium, has been elected State Senator from the fifteenth district of Kansas.

Within a few days Fulton will lose three well-known and enterprising young men, who will leave their homes for a trip to Australia and a look at the outside world. They are Mr. C. M. Austin of Granby, and Messrs. C. P. Sherman and John Dodge of this village. The colonial government of Australia offers a premium of \$200 each for emigrants to their country, which is deducted from the price of the passage making the expense of the trip out only about \$36. These young men take advantage of the offer.—Fulton Patriot

Odd.

J. B. Powers, Esq., and family, of Waterloo, Iowa, have recently been visiting friends in Mexico. Mr. Powers was at one time a student in our Academy, and afterwards studied law with Levi Downing. He moved to Iowa some 18 years ago, and has, we are pleased to learn, become not only a wealthy, but a popular and influential citizen of that most noble western State.

—The Adams Journal says: C. F. Caulkins of Pierpont Manor has resigned his position as road master on the R. W. & O. R. R. He says that 25 per cent. added to one's work and 25 per cent. reduction in salary is a little too much of a good thing.

NEW YORK MILLS, N. Y., Oct. 2, '76.

We have sold Hatch's Universal Cough Syrup for about four years. It has the best sale of any medicine we keep. Our customers say it is the best of its kind. We have used it in our families, and recommend it to all as a healing balsam for the lungs. Safe to use, and prompt in its effects. We are authorized to warrant it in every case. No cure no pay! Use it for cough and whooping cough.

WM. SEELYE & BROS.  
No one can give reliable information in regard to the value and sale of a medicine as the dealer. Ask your druggist what he knows about this remedy. Graciously samples can almost always be obtained. For sale by dealers generally. 50-4w.

#### DIETERS.

—Thawing.  
—We are glad to see Elihu Trowbridge out again.

—What about ice? Shall we be able to get any for summer use? We understand it looks doubtful hereabouts.

—If the snow continue as deep as now until April, we opine that seasoned stove wood will bring a good price next fall.

—There will be a Dime Social at the house of P. Davis, Friday evening, Feb. 9th, to which all are invited.

—A chap over at Sand Bank writes, "the snow is four feet deep on the level." We feel sorry for the level.

—The Oswego Falls Agricultural Society will allow no intoxicating drinks to be sold at its fairs hereafter.

—E. M. Knollin, of Sandy Creek, has invented a cow-milking machine, which operates on the vacuum principle with rubber tubes.

—The Oyer and Terminer and special term at Oswego, adjourned to Feb. 7, the Orlando Greenfield murder indictment will be tried Feb. 13.

—An exchange has this conundrum: "What shall it profit a man if he has accounts against every man in the county and can't collect a cent?"

—A fur box was picked up on Main St., last Sunday morning, and is at this office, where it may be had by proving property and paying charges.

—The annual meeting of the New York State Grange was held in Rochester last week. Thirty-four counties were represented, including Oswego.

—The friends of Rev. Isaac Turney in Constantia, made him a donation, amounting to \$125 on the evening of the 25th inst. Well done Constantia.

—The tonsorial artist now employed by W. C. Brockett, is a pleasant, genial young man, and is thoroughly conversant with his business. His name is Thomas Kane. Give him a call.

—Mr. J. M. Hood, who was quite ill last week, is now able to ride out; and Dr. Becker, who has been very sick for some days past, is now convalescent, and it is hoped that in a few days he will be on our streets again.

The taxpayers of Oswego, by a vote of 995 to 76, have rejected the proposition to have the Common Council raise \$10,000 by taxation for the benefit of the poor. The poor will be cared for, however, by the Board of Charities.

—A good many people from the country "round about," in town on Saturday, made things look more lively, but perhaps, not one in ten thousand had a dollar to pay to the printer. Awful hard times, "aint it?"

—Rev. G. L. Paine, formerly pastor of the church at Prattville, in a note to us from his present field of labor (Henricville, Pa.), says: "I have just closed a six weeks' meeting, and over a score have been 'created new to God.'"

Some visitors to Mexico last week, were compelled to prolong their stay for forty-eight hours, or so, by reason of a little unpleasantness along the line of our railroad. The blockade was raised on Friday morning.

—Mr. David Wiggins, of New Haven, is meeting with great success with his "Sectional Geography." It enables one to gain a correct knowledge of location in a very short time, and children are delighted with it. For sale by L. L. Virgil.

—Timothy Sullivan and Cyrus Mead, of Fulton, indicted with George Bach for the murder of John McMahon, found dead in the canal lock at Fulton, July 22, 1876, pleaded not guilty, and were remanded for trial. The date of the trial is not yet fixed.

—Rev. B. Holmes, D. D., last Sunday morning, in the M. E. church, preached an interesting discourse on the Origin and Growth of Methodism in this place, to a large and attentive audience. We purpose publishing the principal part of this address next week.

—It seemed odd enough to see Amos Thoms' big wagon "rattling" over four feet of snow through our streets the other day. People ran to the doors to look at it as a curiosity. Some, perhaps, thought spring must be near at hand, as it is generally understood that Amos is a little apt to "rush the season."

—That load of children who passed through our streets singing last Tuesday, was a happy sight to behold. They belonged to the primary department of Dist. School No. 7, which Mrs. Newton Parsons teaches, and they were given this enjoyable sleigh ride by her.

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